

The Pigeon Has Flown Away

Chapter7

At that time, Leo was on a business trip out of town.

His tone was very cold. "I'm in a meeting."

When I tearfully told him I had been in a car accident, I was in pain, and felt scared, Leo let out a cold snort.

Even through the phone, I could imagine the disdainful expression he must have had at that moment,

"Gigi, you're an adult. Don't you know to call the traffic police after a crash? What's the point of calling me? Can I fly to your side to clean up the mess, or turn back time to tell you to open your eyes and drive properly?"

"Leo, I didn't mean to bother you, I'm just really scared..."

"Enough. Stop talking nonsense. Grow up and handle your own problems."

Beep, beep...

The busy signal that followed after that heartlessly ended call had now turned into Leo's incoming call ringtone.

"Hello! Gigi, why haven't you been to work these past few days?"

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Chapter

He probably didn't expect me to answer his call. His hoarse voice carried an undeniable hint of surprise.

"I'm on annual leave."

"Yeah, I heard. You haven't taken a vacation in years. You should really rest this time."

Leo sounded overly cautious, clearly afraid I'd hang up if I got upset.

I grew a bit impatient and asked, "Did you need something?"

"I, I've been feeling dizzy since yesterday. After dinner, I came back and threw up several times last night. I think I'm sick."

"So?"

Hearing my emotionless response, Leo fell silent.

His breathing was heavy and deep. I knew he wasn't lying.

But what did that have to do with me?

"Hey! Long time no see, Gigi."

At that moment, the friend I was waiting for arrived. I quickly told

Leo, "I'm having coffee with a friend now. Bye."

My friend was full of curiosity. She asked, "Who was that?"

"My ex-husband."

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Chaping?

"Oh my gosh, Jane told me that you were getting divorced, but I didn't believe it. Tell me what happened?"

And so, my friend and I enjoyed cake and coffee while trashing bad

men, making for an especially pleasant afternoon.

A few days later, if my mother hadn't personally told me that Leo had acute pneumonia and was in the hospital, I wouldn't have known how seriously ill he was this time.

"Gigi, I support your divorce, but you're still technically married. If you don't go to the hospital to take care of him, people will gossip about you behind your back."

Hearing this, I silently let out a cold laugh.

I didn't try to argue much with my traditionally-minded mother. I just said, "Okay, I know. Don't worry, I know what to do."

Just a few minutes after talking to my mom, my former mother-in-law immediately sent me Leo's hospital room number and some care instructions from the doctor.

I didn't even bother to look at it. I put down my phone, lazily lay back on the sofa, and continued watching my favorite detective show.

A week later, I bought a bouquet of flowers and some convenient fruits for a patient, and showed up at the hospital's information desk in the inpatient department.

"Gigi, you did this on purpose, didn't you? You only show up on the
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dir Lee's being discharged. If you don't want to take care of him, just you're trying to play the good wife role.

I didn't need to turn around. Just from the voice, I knew it was Olivia scolding me.

I turned around **and** met Leo's gaze, who was standing beside Olivia.

His first reaction upon seeing me was to walk over with joy.

“Gigi, you finally came to see me.”

Hearing him say something so pathetic, Olivia got so mad that she threw the patient’s luggage she was holding **onto** the ground.

“Leo! The one who’s been taking care of you day and night, doing everything for you, is me, not her!”

Hearing this, Leo looked at Olivia with extreme indifference, “I’ve told you before, you insisted on staying with me. Now that my wife is here, if you have any sense of shame, you should leave quietly.”

Olivia was still young. She was so infuriated that she broke down in tears, collapsing on the floor and refusing to get up, crying and making a scene.

Seeing more and more onlookers gathering. I finally spoke up and told Leo, “You’ve got it wrong. I didn’t come to see you.”

Leo clearly didn’t believe me. He blocked my way, holding the blue talisman on his neck, looking at me expectantly as I frowned. “Gigi,

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look. I learned to make a new string for the talisman, using your favorite color.”

“Gigi, I’ve been looking for you. So this is where you are.”

At that moment, a handsome young man walked over.

I recognized his face but couldn’t remember his name.

At **my** college friend’s wedding, he was both the best man and my friend’s cousin.

We were barely acquaintances. While I was still in a daze, he came over to me, affectionately took the flowers and fruit from me. He smiled. “Let’s go.”

“Who is he?”

Leo asked through gritted teeth.

After thinking for a moment, I simply said, "A friend."

"A friend?!"

Leo had always been mature and composed. I had never seen such a twisted, angry, out-of-control expression on his face. "Gigi, be honest

with me. Are you cheating on me?"

His words suddenly brought me back to a night six months ago.

That day, I accidentally saw his chat history with Olivia.

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The Pigeon Hostess key

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Olivia asked him if he would be willing to marry her if they met in the next life.

Leo's reply was, "Even in this life, I would be willing."

"Leo, tell me the truth. Are you cheating on me?"

When I tearfully questioned him, what did Leo say at that time?

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Oh, that's right. I remember now. "If you think so, then yes."

In the hospital, hearing me say those words so indifferently and casually, Leo was completely stunned.

He looked at me as if I were a stranger.

Olivia was also shocked. "Gigi, how can you be so shameless?"

Hearing that, I walked up to Olivia and gave her a heavy slap.

I couldn't bear it anymore and told her, "If you dare to act so shamelessly again, I'll post the photos and messages you sent me, bragging about sleeping with Leo. If you're not afraid of social suicide, go ahead and try me."

Olivia held her cheek, trembling with anger, but she didn't dare meet my eyes or say another word.

But Leo, with a dark expression, pressed me. "What photos of sleeping together? Gigi, you're divorcing me over some baseless photos? I don't agree! Do you hear me, Gigi!..."

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Seeing that I was about to leave with the young man, Leo suddenly lost it and raised his fist as if to hit him.

Seeing that I didn't back down and protected the young man, Leo's sickly pale face turned red and veiny in anger.

"Leo, go wash your face and look in the mirror."

I looked him up and down with disdain. "You're an adult, getting jealous and picking fights with young people. Do you think you're worthy?"

Leo's face turned pale.

Overcome with anger, he couldn't stop coughing loudly.

As he coughed, he suddenly vomited a mouthful of blood.

Seeing this, I calmly remarked, "Such a good actor."

Half an hour later, after visiting my friend, I walked out of the hospital with my friend's cousin, Peter.

When I apologized to him for dragging him into the mess between Leo and me, Peter joked, "Treat me to a meal and reaccept my friend request, and I'll consider your apology accepted."

No time like the present. We had dinner together at a nearby mall, added each other on social media, and then parted ways.

A few days later, someone posted a video on Tiktok of the altercation

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between Leo, Olivia, and me at the hospital.

Soon enough, people recognized Olivia as a somewhat influencer.

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Since Leo and I were legally married for years, even though Olivia posted dozens of so-called clarifications and painfully deleted her accounts across all platforms, the storm couldn't be quelled.

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In the end, she was dubbed "The Shameless Maid of History," and truly became famous online.

Just when I thought it was all over and I could finally live in peace, Leo publicly revealed our marriage within the company.

Because of this, I quickly found a new job within two days, with higher pay and closer to the apartment where I lived.

On the afternoon I was processing my resignation, Leo got down on his knees in front of many coworkers, begging me not to leave.

He said he had deleted all of Olivia's contact information and even told his parents not to have any contact with hers.

Leo was still recovering from his illness. Leo looked haggard, his eyes bloodshot. He looked up at me. He gripped my wrist tightly, his gaze dazed as if I were his whole world.

"Gigi, I've gone this far. I really know I was wrong. Gigi, don't leave... I'll die without you."

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Chapter

I pried Leo's weak, sickly fingers off one by one.

Looking down at his pained, gaunt face, I only said, "See you at the civil affairs office next Monday. If you don't show up, I'll officially hire a lawyer to file for divorce in court."

By this point, Leo finally understood my resolve.

On Monday, he showed up at the civil affairs office as agreed, and we smoothly went through the divorce process.

After the one-month divorce cooling-off period, our divorce was finalized.

The night I received the divorce certificate, Leo got into a car accident while driving under the influence.

He didn't die but injured someone, had to pay compensation, and lost his job.

As for me, I took the two million dollars I received in the divorce settlement and bought a plane ticket to South America.

I had always wanted to witness the magnificent animal migration with my own eyes.

It wasn't until I boarded the plane that I realized my friend had set me up. Peter had bought a ticket for the same flight.

"Gigi, if you don't want me there, I'll buy a ticket back as soon as we land."

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"Deal."

The disappointment in Peter's eyes immediately turned to joy when he saw the slight smile on my lips.

The plane took off smoothly.

Looking out
the window, all I saw were pure white clouds. There was nothing else in my eyes.